

THE SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.

OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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Original Poetry.

For the Southern Enterprise.

Dreams.

BY GENEVIEVE.

ALAS, that dreams are all dreams!
And Love is but a passing—
Which oft deceives; yet in this delusion
We still will live and dream of bliss.
We know that flowers bloom but to die,
Yet they pleasure to the heart doth give;
Though their stay be brief, yet in our memory
Their sweetness long remains.
So we are by the dreams of first love,
Which Hope clothes in garbs of Happiness—
Which prove transient, and we are awakened
To find 'twas but a dream.
'Tis then we find the thorn
Which was hidden 'neath their velvet folds
So deviously, that we ne'er would dream
A poison so near so sweet a fount.
But there's one dream, in which will lasting
Which bears happiness on its wings—
No delusive dream; no! Truth's its garb;
That dream is Heaven!

Miscellaneous Reading.

Make a Character for Yourself.

It is related of Girard, that when a young tradesman, having bought and paid for a bag of coffee, proceeded to wheel it home himself, the shrewd old merchant immediately offered to trust his new customer to as many more bags as the latter might desire. The trait of character revealed by the young man in being his own porter, had given the millionaire confidence in him at once. His reputation was made with Girard. He became a favored dealer with the enterprising merchant, thrived rapidly, and in the end amassed a fortune.

No mere capital will do so much for young men as character. Nor will always even capital and connexion combined. In our own experience, we have known many beginners who have utterly failed, though backed by ample means, and assisted by the influence of a large circle of friends. In some cases, indeed, considerable experience, as well as industry and perseverance, have been added to these advantages, yet without securing success. We have known such persons, after a failure in their first pursuit, no better result, although still assisted by capital, by friends, and even by their own activity. The secret was that they had missed, somehow, making a character for themselves.

On the other hand, it is a common occurrence to see young men begin without a cent, yet rapidly rise to fortune. They achieve this triumph by establishing a reputation for being competent business men. Few are so fortunate as to do this by a single characteristic act, like the purchaser who won Girard's good will by wheeling home the bag; for generally neither veteran merchants are as shrewd as the famous millionaire, nor young dealers as energetic as this customer. But a consistent life of sagacity, economy and industry, invariably establishes the right kind of reputation in the end. Confidence grows up, in influential quarters, towards the young beginner. Old merchants shake their heads approvingly, and say, "he is of the right stuff and will get along." Credit comes, as it were unsought. Connexion follows. The reputation of the new aspirant widens and deepens; his transactions begin to be quoted as authority; trade flows on him from every quarter; and in a few years he attains with a competence, or remains to become a millionaire. All this is the result of establishing at the outset, a character of the right sort.

We may say to every young man, about to start in life, make a character for yourself as soon as possible. Let it also be a distinctive one. It is better to have a name for exceeding all others in some one thing than to enjoy simply notoriety for mere general merit. Are you a mechanic, old strip your fellows in skill. Are you a young lawyer? become superior in a particular branch. Are you a clerk? be the best book-keeper your employers have. Are you in a store? make yourself acquainted with the various buyers. In short become known for an excellence peculiar to yourself; acquire a speciality, as it is called; and success is certain, because you will have, as it were a monopoly, and can dictate your own terms.

Money may be lost, without fault of our own by some one or another of the accidents of life. Connexions may be broken up, by death or failure, or change of interests. But characters remains through all. It belongs to the individuals, and is above the changes of fate. Thousands, who have lost all else have recovered themselves, by having a character to start a new with; but no man without a business character, has ever risen from the ruin caused by the loss of capital, or the destruction of connexion.

Never Laugh at the Unfortunate.

There is nothing more despicable than the habit which some people have, of laughing at the unfortunate. It betokens a heart whose generous impulses have either been entirely eradicated, or crushed down by pride and selfishness, and gives us no flattering estimate of the character that can be swayed by such base influences.

Yonder stands a poor cripple with a face so full of untold agony, that you cannot gaze upon it moved. There are deep lines of care around the tremulous lips; the cheek is pale and sunken; the large hollow eyes are eloquent with mournful meaning, and the dark brow seem knit with an expression of perpetual pain.

Two years ago she was "the fairest of Beauty's race," and life's brightest hopes were before her. Her step was light and elastic, and her form had all the graceful symmetry of youth and health. But disease fastened its fangs upon her, and beneath the scorching breath of fever her bloom and loveliness faded. Long she appeared hovering on the verge of the grave, but at length a change came, and she slowly recovered. Once more she rose and went forth in the haunts which her girlhood had loved, but her old friends scarcely recognised her in the feeble, wasted invalid. Now she looks timidly around her almost despairing, for she knows not how she shall thread her way through the crowd, hurrying to and fro on every hand. She has grown morbidly sensitive during her illness, and her spirits shrink from the cold, careless glances of the throng. Tears gather on her eye-lashes, and her whole frame quivers like an aspen leaf.

How can that beautiful young lady in her rich attire sweep so scornfully by the invalid, and laugh derisively at the wretched creature, as she moves onward?
How can she saunter toward her home with no remorseful thought of the miserable sufferer, whose face still glows with the flush which that sneer aroused, and whose aching heart yet thrills with the pain so carelessly inflicted? How can she lie down upon her sumptuous couch to-night without a prayer for pardon! Ah! these are questions which we cannot answer.

At the corner of the street there is a little fruit-stall, with half a dozen apples and as many pears; two or three fine clusters of grapes, and a few walnuts and almonds. An old man sits beside it from early dawn till eventide, anxiously watching the passers-by, and murmuring broken words of thanks when any one drops a coin into his bony hand. His face is bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, and his thin locks are bleached with care and sorrow.

But in the prime of his manhood he was a gallant soldier, and fought bravely for his native land. It was while boldly defending a fortress from the attacks of the foe, that his arm was shot away, and he was disabled for active service. Change after change came; sickness, poverty, woe; and now an exile, he earns the paltry sum which supports him and his feeble wife at that scanty fruit stall. Yet he often hears the mocking laugh, the stringing taunt, or the careless jest of those who jeer at the unfortunate.

These are not unusual occurrences. Alas, no! they are becoming too frequent, and cannot pass over them in silence. It is enough to endure poverty and hardship; it is enough to toil and struggle without having the heavy burden increased by scorn and contempt.

To those who thus sport with misfortune, we would say, do you ever ask yourselves who made you to differ? Do you realize that you may be deprived of the blessings which have been lavished upon you? It would be well if you would think of these things, and prepare for them. Above all, learn to feel compassion and sympathy for the sufferings of your fellow-beings, and never again laugh at the unfortunate.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like the meteor will stay in our presence.—*Prentice.*

Keep Cool.

Can any advice be more salutary for this raging weather? People, however, take different methods of keeping cool. Some do so by swallowing an immoderate quantity of ice, and, in the end, are warmer than if they refrained from attempting to turn themselves into a refrigerator. If one could keep a lump of ice nicely wrapped in flannel within one's own private chest all the time during the heat of these hot days, why one might stand a chance of keeping cool; but ice will melt, as well as "love grow cool," and when the ice is melted, the reaction takes place and the heat is greater than before.

Some keep cool by wearing woolen dresses and thick cloaks, on the principle of what keeps cold out, will keep heat out also.—Others, on another plan from either, dress cool, and instead of drinking ice water, drink "fire water," knowing that two fires never meet. This system is pursued by some with impunity; whether it serves to keep cool or not, is doubtful. The Spaniards follow this method, and when the thermometer is raging at the baking point—which it generally does from late in the spring till early in the fall—they eat most of garlic, and pepper, and other spices. They are not a remarkably cool nation, however, and just now many of them are in danger of being peppered from without as well as within.

Our advice to keep cool is—keep in the shade through the heat of the day, avoiding all violent exercise; above all, do not attempt writing—none but editors can stand that most severe labor of a hot day; and editors being paid to suffer, can afford to suffer.—Drink plentifully of moderately cool water, to keep the pores open, and think pleasant thoughts; avoid quarreling with your wife, and read the newspaper.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

Little Pitchers with Great Ears.

"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told Aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what are you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother, you said he was poor; and had you thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like Aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one, I'm sure you did say so, dear mother, and I pity you very much; for you told aunt there was a time before I was born when father drank too much, and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My Dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle Jethro and family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother, and you know you told about father's failure in business. Uncle Jethro never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for everything, but the world did not know it, and—"

"You have told quite enough, my child. What do you stay listening in the back parlor for, when I sent you up stairs to study? It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all of our privacy retailed in this way. I suppose you have told—?"

"No, mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never told him anything to make him unhappy."

"Agnes sat looking in the fire, and asked: "Mother, if people really love other, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty; and if Edward and I say wrong words you tell me never to repeat them, and I never do."

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, listeners are despicable characters. Don't you never let me know of you doing the like again; you don't hear right, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way."

A MAN strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose, instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to everybody; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually, and examining the depth of the wound and making it to fester till my limb becomes greatly inflamed and my general health is materially affected, is there a person in the world who could not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he who by dwelling upon little injuries, insults or provocations causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better to put a bandage over the wound and never look at it again!—*Simon.*

The path of duty is the only path of happiness. All the goodness which the Lord hath laid up for them that fear him is strewn along that path; all the flowers, which he has appointed to gladden our way, grow beside it and wells of living water springs up all along it; while the way of selfish inclination leads through the wilderness and solitary way; it is barren as the desert, ovis hoot by it, and the wild beasts has his lair there.

Ladies' Department.

Woman.

What a wonderful sight is written in these days about woman! Enough, in all conscience, without our writing a very long essay on the subject at this time. One man hits her a sly dab, by saying he need not defend her, as she can speak for herself. That, we suppose, means, in plain English, "a woman can talk," and who doubts it? In fact, who would have it otherwise?—Everybody, especially every man worthy of the name, delights to hear a woman talk. There is a charm in her voice. Another old bachelor of course, has let off his vinegar by setting the following afloat on the sea of newspapers:

"A woman down east has gone three whole days without a speaking a word to anybody. How she must have suffered!"

Who knows she suffered? Was you there to see. If you were, she had a very good reason for holding her tongue. She had learned that it was useless to "cast pearls before swine." But you must have suffered twice as much as she did. It is wretchedness indeed to be in the presence of a lady, and not hear her talk. What punishment can be greater to a man, than to have his wife keep silence for "three whole days!" And yet some men richly deserve this punishment. This woman whom the crabbed old bachelor has undertaken to slander, was a woman of sense. Her husband had slighted her pleasing and useful conversation, by leaving her company for that of others. She saw he could not appreciate her conversation, and she resolved not to trouble him with it. "How he must have suffered." He would have given more than his old shoes to have heard her voice again, even in a Caudle lecture. That would have been better than nothing. O, how slowly those "three whole days," must have rolled to him. And all the time, she was as happy as a queen, in giving him a lesson that he would not soon forget. He liked to hear her talk, after that, we will warrant.

What a blessing it is to the men that women can talk. We love to hear them. And if a half a dozen are all talking and laughing at once, how rich it is. We beg them not to stop, for if they do, the suffering is not theirs, but ours. Old bachelors and bad husbands may sometimes wish her to keep silence, because if she does, she will say some cutting things that they deserve. But to others her talk is a source of inexpressible pleasure.

SPIRIT OF PRAYER.—It is distressing to hear long, desultory and cold prayers. They evince that the sacrifice is from a dead heart, and that the lips are not touched with a live coal from the altar of God. When prayers are short, specific and warm, we have evidence that a revival has begun. It has begun where it should be, in the hearts of Christians. Each worshipper comes to the meeting with an errand to the throne of grace; and he pleads it earnestly, being full of faith and the Holy Ghost. If he pray aloud, he supplicates for the thing he came for, and he entreats for it with filial, fervent and importunate desire, and then he stops. O Christian! do you feel for dying sinners? Do you feel for the cause of Christ? They pray; wrestle in prayer; besiege the throne of grace; take no denial; say with Jacob, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." What an example we have in Moses, in Abraham, in Hannah, in Elijah, in all the Old Testament saints; and especially in Jesus!

EARLY DEATH.—A maid went into the garden, early one morning, to gather a wreath of beautiful roses. They were yet in the bud, some quite closed, others half unfolded; fragrant cups of the morning dew. "I will not pluck you now," said the maid.—"The sun shall first expand you, then will your beauty be more pleasing, and your fragrance more sweet." She came at noon, and found her choice roses eaten by the pale worm, wilted by the heat of the sun, pale and dying! The maid wept over her folly, and on the following morning, she gathered her wreath early.

God calls his dearest children from this world ere the sun's ray hath pierced, or the worm's touch blighted them.—*Herder.*

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The moment man parts with moral independence; the moment he judges of duty, not from the inward voice, but from the interests and will of a party; the moment he commits himself to a leader or a body, and winks at evil, because divisions would hurt the cause; the moment he shakes off his particular responsibility, because he is but one of a thousand or a million by whom the evil is done—that moment he parts with his moral power.—He is shorn of the energy of single hearted faith in the right and true. He hopes on man's policy what nothing but loyalty to God can accomplish. He substitutes coarse weapons, forged by man's wisdom, for celestial power.—*Channing.*

SOMEbody asks, what is more soul-harrowing than pegs in one's boots?

Hints to a Father.

Father, you have a son, a darling son. He has faculties for good and for evil, and they must act. Each capable of such intense action that both cannot act on a level, one must be, in some measure, subservient. Your son is now young; he has no habits, no principles, no character. These must be formed, and you have been appointed by Providence to superintend and assist in this formation. This you must do, whether you will or not. The nature of the relation existing between you and your son renders your non-participation in the formation of his character impossible.

Towards what course of life would you direct his innocent footsteps? What would you have him become? a man in form only; independent only of good, with feeble, wavering energy; his self-respect a mere low, disgusting pride? You can easily train him for this, as a thousand have, and are being trained, unless his mind is very far above the commonality. Treat him as a machine, impress it upon him that he is a mere tool, and he will soon become such. Make him feel keenly his inferiority, check all his aspirations, and like a sapling bent to the ground, he will soon learn to grow downward. But if you wish him to become a strong-minded, truth-loving, whole souled man, treat him as a man that is to be—as an equal. Draw out his better nature; strengthen all aspirations for that which is high and good. Teach him to curb his strong passions, and to attain that control which enables man to influence his fellow-man. Let him feel that he has the germ of the man within him, which needs only a right cultivation to make it serviceable to himself and mankind. Teach him at all times to bring his actions and motives to the standard of right and right only. Be sure that he feels confidence in you as a sympathizing friend in all cases. Never elevate yourself or depress him so that he can only approach you with an effort. He has his world of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which although small to you, are all to him. Encourage him to action; place before him some desirable object which he may procure by self-denial and extra exertion. Man needs something for which to labor; why not he? Let him find by experiment that there is something for him to gain by right, or lose by wrong, and an inducement to virtuous actions will be given him. Teach him to think correctly for himself, judge for himself, while young and under your care and he will feel his own responsibility, and will not be so easily enticed and deceived when thrown upon his own resources. But above all, early teach him to look upon God as his Father, and Heaven as his home, and the great object of his life here to do good. Early teach him by precept and example to love the Lord and keep his commandments, and it shall be well with thee and thy house to future generations.

Things we Decidedly Object to.

We decidedly object to the first-floor lodger coming home in a state of inebriation, and getting into our bed with his boots on.

We decidedly object to a waiter always telling us he's coming, and never doing it.

We decidedly object to a young lady with her hair done up in a newspaper advertisement.

We decidedly object to an infatuated dramatist reading us the manuscript of his five act tragedy.

We decidedly object to a baby dabbling his damp little hand about our face while the mother stands by, and remarks that the little dear is beginning to "take notice."

We decidedly object to a doctor telling us in a friendly way, that our family were always noted for weak chests.

We decidedly object to a person mistaking us for his mortal enemy, and giving us a tremendous blow on the back under conviction.

We decidedly object to a man's always laughing at his own jokes, and never laughing at ours.

We decidedly object to any one purloining our good things, and palming them off as his own.

We decidedly object to a tailor's man bringing home a coat, and bawling out in the passage that his master told him not to leave it without money.

We decidedly object to sharp children, lawyer's letters, damp shirt collars, amateur performances, tight boots and an umbrella trickling down our back.

SINGULAR DISCLOSURE.—A surgeon in the United States army recently desired to know the most common cause of enlistment. By permission of the captain, in a company containing fifty-five, the writer pledged never to disclose the name of officer or private, except as a physical or metaphysical fact, the true history was obtained of every man. On investigation, it appeared that nine-tenths enlisted on account of some female difficulty, thirteen of them had changed their names, and forty-three were either drunk, or partially so, at the time of their enlistment.—Most of them were men of fine talents and learning, and had once been in elevated positions in life. Four had been lawyers, three doctors, and two ministers.

Which is the Happy Man?

We know a man in Michigan who lives on the interest of his money, and that is only \$70 per annum. He has, it is true, a small house with one room in it, three or four acres of land, and keeps a cow, a couple of pigs, and a few hens, yet he and his wife always appear cheerful and contented, and preserve a respectable appearance on their \$70 per annum.

We know of a man in New York who expends \$25,000 per annum for his household expenses. He pays for gas light more than the whole income of the Michigan man.—He makes annual holiday presents to more than the whole amount of the property of the Michigan man. It costs him a sum six times as large as the whole income of our philosopher to support a single waiter.

We know them both very well, and we think our Michigan friend by far the happiest, healthiest, and most enviable man.—They are both advanced in years. The cheapness of books and papers place abundance of rational enjoyment in the power of the countryman; an accumulation of physical ills, and a necessity for intense activity, deprives the citizen of calm and quiet enjoyment and reflection. The former, in the probable course of events, will die of old age at finity, the latter at seventy. Such is the distribution of happiness and wealth.

[Toledo (O.) Blade.

Farmers.

Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall was commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Job, the honest, and upright and patient, was a farmer, and his endurance has passed into proverbs.

Socrates was a farmer, and yet wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox to the use of man.

Cincinnatus was a farmer, and the noblest Roman of them all.

Burns was a farmer, and the Muse found him at the plough and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest early station to enjoy the quiet of rural life, and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

To these names may be added a host of others, who sought peace and repose in the cultivation of their mother earth; the enthusiastic LaFayette, the steadfast Pickering, all found an Eldorado of consolation from life's cares and troubles in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homesteads.

How an Indian can Die.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambush, and the first notice of danger that saluted their ears was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and while his assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could get the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request they sent him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang the louder and livelier strain, and when several had gathered around him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screeching forth their demoniacal yells of exultation, not a look or a gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore the scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturbable stoic, continuing to chant his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his rooking scalp before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of the number approached him with a tomahawk, which after a few unheeded flourishes he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in death with the song still upon his lips. He had indeed succeeded well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.—*St. Paul (Min.) Democrat.*

A NOTICE of a recent steamboat explosion closes as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for \$16,000, and loaded with iron."

Straps.—An article worn under boots of gentlemen made of calf-skin.